

Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 206.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1856.

VOL. VIII. No. 24.

Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.
When left by Carrier, \$2,50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St. Boston.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "
GEORGE P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row, "
A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I. "
C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, New York. "
SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 709 Broadway, "
GEORGE DUTTON, JR., Rochester, N. Y. "
G. ANDRE & CO., 19 South Ninth St. Philadelphia. "
JOHN H. MELLOR, Pittsburg, Pa. "
MILLER & BEACHAM, 151 Baltimore St. Baltimore. "
W. D. ZOGRAUM & CO., Savannah, Ga. "
W. F. COLBURN, Cincinnati, O. "
HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O. "

Translated for this Journal.

ROBERT FRANZ.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

[Continued from p 178]

There are unquestionably certain characteristic traits, through which all artists look alike, but there is no universal type for artists and poets. Poetry and Art can be innate and sympathetic in all characters, and if the Middle Age classed all the temperaments in four main categories (sanguine, choleric, melancholy and phlegmatic), so ALBRECHT DÜRER in those wonderful pictures, in which he represents the meeting of four saints, each of whom belongs to one of the said categories, gives us one of those shining proofs, reserved for genius to discover, namely that all four have the capacity to radiate that sacred fire of inspiration, which makes poets, whether they devote their lives to song, or spend them upon deeds which furnish the material for songs. One might almost believe that no subject seemed to that great master worthier to be glorified by the splendor of his genius; for there is perhaps no second painting by him, in which we can admire the calm sublimity of his thought, the depth of his composition, his penetrating intuition of the mysterious sense of lines and of the inexplicable, unlearnable significance of drawing, the power of contour, the majesty of pose, the nobleness of folds, the as it were symphonic effect of the virtuoso-like treatment of his coloring, so intimately suited to the subject, more than here, where he reaches the Ideal, without resembling the sunny tints which RAPHAEL often strove for, or the glowing atmosphere of the Venetians, or the magical sheen of a RUBENS, and without bordering either on conventional splendor or on a too bald realism. In

the four heads of this group the leading types are admirably discernible, which, more feebly or more strongly prominent, compose the fundamental traits of the so various organizations of the artists, to whom the different Art-forms owe their origin. Here we find the enthusiastic trait which generates the lyric Art, the burning lust for action, which fires heroes or those who sing of heroes; the sinking back into oneself, which tends to grief, to satire, to misanthropy, or to reflection; we see the nervous irritability, which keeps the passions on the strain and leads to tragical developments or the describing of them.

FRANZ belongs to the dreamy, deep natures, which have few expansive moments. His tender sensibility, his fine, penetrating spirit, hating every noise or crowd, keep him shut up in himself, as if afraid of every interchange of opinion, which might degenerate into bitterness; as if he shrank from every conflict, in which the chords of his lyre too hastily struck might utter tones less pure, less euphonious and tender. One might compare him in more than one respect with CHOPIN; nevertheless there are important differences between these artists. Chopin, like Franz, withdrew himself from the centre of the arena swarming with combatants under various banners; he also had maturely weighed the ground of the dissensions which he witnessed, and had given in the adhesion of his convictions to the *one* party, whose cause he helped as it were only by the works he executed according to the principles of the combatants; he too had not drawn upon himself the enmity of those from whom he diverged in idea, and his productions found a kind reception everywhere. He also crowded his works within narrow borders, concentrated his invention in existing forms, to which he lent new intensity, new worth, new vital faculties, new turns. He too despised all frivolities that bordered on his sphere, scorned to procure applause at the expense of his artistic conscience, and elaborated every smallest product of his pen in the most careful manner, and with such success that his compositions are marked by a rare uniformity of their peculiar excellencies. He too has confided much and of many kinds to his muse; has mysteriously infused unspoken grief, unconscious yearnings, deep mournings, glimmering consolations into his short but expressive works. But Chopin was an extremely nervous nature, full of suppressed passion; he moderated, but he could not tame himself; and every morning he began anew the hard task of imposing silence on his boiling scorn, his glowing hate, his infinite love, his quivering agony, his feverish excitement, striving to keep them off by enveloping himself in a sort of spiritual intoxication, and by his dreams to conjure up a magic fairy world, wherein he might live and find a melancholy bliss, confined within the limits of his Art. As thoroughly subjective as Franz in his creations, he succeeded still less than he in separating himself for a moment from himself, so as to view things objectively, and by the choice and treatment of his material indicate his feeling mediately rather than directly. For the very reason that he was so pre-occupied in battling with passions as violent as they were violently suppressed, it was almost impossible for him to win the leisure for a long continued work. The best part of his works was included within small dimensions and could not be otherwise, since every single one of these was but the fruit of one short moment of reflection, which sufficed to reproduce the tears and dreams of one day. Nearly all composers begin with seeking the more or less direct expression of their individuality in Art, whether it be in the lyrical, the dramatic or the epic form. Those who are gifted with invention of a decidedly objective character, have soon exhausted this first tendency, soon satisfied this first necessity, often so quickly that they have never given to the world the songs that bloomed in this period. In others this vein is of longer duration; they find full satisfaction in it and bring forth in it a whole series of excellent and admirable compositions. Artists, in whom feeling predominates, remain a long time or forever in this manner of creating. Chopin was one of those who never emancipate themselves from it, or who at least would never have acquired importance in other forms, supposing some mistaken effort to have turned them that way.

We know not whether Franz, who already occupies so predominant a position as a lyric poet, will feel it in his mission to extend the circle of his intellectual creation further. His thus far published efforts in the church style warrant the conjecture that the time will come for him, when, if he does not purposely restrain the free course of his native genius, he will feel within him both the impulse and the power for more extensive undertakings. We cherish the conviction too, that to whatever of the existing forms he may finally attach himself, whether to the liturgy, to the sacred or the so-called secular Oratorio, or what not, and however he may mould these to his own peculiar genius, he will achieve not less distinction than he has within the narrow limits of the song; for he belongs to those profoundly reflective minds, who never leave a work, to which they have entrusted the purest and noblest portion of themselves, until they have succeeded with the utmost care and pains in attaining to the fair proportion between form and substance.

[To be continued.]

Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS WORKS.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 179.)

..... Mozart never was the favorite of any public and he never will be. Publics are German, French, Italian; Mozart is universal. It is clear, after the character which we have recognized in his masterworks, that they must formerly have wanted all the conditions of popularity even more than they do now; yet in the estimation of musicians he has grown continually greater to this day. He commonly figures in the second line upon the musical repertoire of Europe; but that place he maintains in spite of all the revolutions of modern taste, so that, although continually eclipsed in the eyes of the multitude by reigning fashions, he always seems more choice and graceful than the passing fashion.

This *crescendo* of fame, which has already outlasted a century, presupposes that Mozart's reputation commenced with *piano*. And in fact, the many composers who stood much higher in the estimation of contemporaries than he did, the cold reception of his operas in Vienna, which rejected his *Don Juan*, (nor did Europe know it, since for years it was kept back within the limits of Germany and Bohemia, like confiscated goods in a custom house); moreover the sad expedients to which our hero had to have recourse to earn a livelihood; all prove how ill he was appreciated in spite of the celebrity which he already enjoyed, and which he owed quite as much to his calumniators as to his admirers. In regard to this point my readers will observe with some surprise, in which a little pride may mingle, the great difference between the publics of that day and of this. All the great masterpieces of the lyric stage, which our own century has produced, have been received at once in Europe with unanimous applause; the justice which the public owes to authors, has never let itself be waited for beyond the first few representations. From this prompt and general recognition of the beautiful one may imagine the feebleness, the uncertainty and frequently the ludicrousness of the judgments passed by the dilettanti of the eighteenth century; and also the æsthetic deafness, with which they seem to have been visited, when things, which ought to have transported them into the seventh heavens, could pass by them with leaving any traces. Mozart was right perhaps in calling them long ears. But I say no; Mozart was wrong, like those who judge in this way now. The music-lovers of the last century had no longer ears than we and judged precisely as we should have done in their place. Between us lies only the difference of standpoint. Ours proceeds from Mozart's works themselves; these form our point of departure in music, and these will still appear the goal which no one until now has gone beyond. Hence it is easy for us to see and judge correctly all that approaches this height without reaching it; we look down from above, whereas the music-lovers before us looked up from below, through the mist which I have sought to define by analyzing the impression of the contrapuntal music upon an uncultivated ear.

From 1780 to 1791 the musical standpoint for works for the theatre proceeded from the works of a PICCINI, SACCHINI, MARTINI, PAISIELLO, and at the best a GLUCK and SALIERI. If we would be just, then, to the amateurs of the last century, we should have to take some one of those scores and compare it even in the smallest details and through all relations with the score of the *Don Juan*. From such a study, as interesting as it were easy in this day, would the justification of Mozart's contemporaries make itself apparent, and our astonishment would turn to another subject and become nothing more than a profound respect for the appreciative Prague public. We should find that Mozart in his day confounded all the habits and the boldest expectations of the ear; that he infused into his hearers a multitude of marvellous and complex feelings, to which they had not been accustomed from the stage; that his melody must have sounded strange and his harmony extremely hard. Instead of presenting a single leading melody, he flung his hearers into an extended combination of variously designed and measured voices, rivalling each other in melodic importance and complicating the harmony as in a fugue with several subjects. All this involved his first hearers in a bewildering Egyptian darkness, in a labyrinth without any clue, where the attention got lost, because it had not learned to divide itself. Such multifarious forms must have sounded unconnected, anti-euphonious, unendurable, since they only penetrated to the material organ and not to the soul, which would have placed them in their mutual relations and through the infinite variety of particulars would have seized the sublime unity of the ensemble. They could not see the forest for the multitude of trees.

But not alone for the great mass of the public must Mozart have been unintelligible in many of his compositions; many men who understood the art of composition, held themselves justified, upon the authority of their books, as well as of their ears, in condemning him. In this connection I am reminded of a well-known anecdote.—HAYDN found himself one day in a company of fellow artists, where they were talking of an opera that had been given in Vienna. All voices united in finding fault with it; they said it was too much overlaid with learned harmony; called it a heavy, unequally finished, too chaotic music. Too chaotic, observe: "What do you think, father Haydn?" "I cannot decide the matter; all that I know is, that Mozart is the greatest composer in the world." This condemned opera was called: *Don Giovanni, ossia il Dissoluto punito*.

Among all the princes in music, from JOSQUIN to PALESTRINA, MOZART alone had the misfortune to be in constant conflict with his epoch and his judges. This misfortune was his destiny, and this destiny, while it crushed the man down to earth, led the artist on to execute point for point the instructions of Providence, the purport of which we have expounded in the beginning of this chapter.

One circumstance, which must not be left out of sight, and which is very easily explained, is this: that no composer could have acted with less freedom in the choice of his own labors, than Mozart. We know his partiality for works of the stage, and therein his taste harmonized

completely with his interests. The existence of a dramatic composer in the fashion in the eighteenth century was fortunate and brilliant, although his income approached less nearly than it would to-day the salary of the singers, and the tyranny of a *prima donna* or a *primo uomo* weighed more heavily upon him. On the other hand operas grew obsolete more rapidly, were manufactured in a greater number and with less expense; celebrity was much more cheaply earned. Had a maestro in Naples, Rome, Milan or Venice reaped a success, orders flowed in on him from all sides; he was invited abroad; he could choose according to his humor and could work just so much as his strength permitted. Was he disposed to settle down somewhere, accept a lucrative and honorable post; why, he might choose among the music-loving courts of Germany, which were bidding for him with offers of the direction of their theatres and chapels. A hundred or more operas might easily mark the traces of such a career, without counting the church music and the concert and chamber music written in the operatic style. Mozart exerted himself a long time to get such a place, he, who was able to compose operas as fast as his brother artists in Italy, and to make them as good too as many a masterwork in our day, which has cost its author several years work. But Mozart as a dramatic composer lacked employment. During the twelve years that he lived in Vienna, only three pieces were ordered of him for the imperial theatre: viz. the *Entführung aus dem Seraglio*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, and *Così fan tutte*. As for the first of these, none but a German could have been commissioned to write it, because the object was to found a national opera; as to the two other librettos, it may easily be believed that few Italian masters would have wished them. Foreign countries showed him the same indifference. Italy, which had adopted the child, denied the man; no *impresario* saw fit to negotiate with the composer of *Idomeneo*. France had forgotten the very name of Mozart. In Germany to be sure this name had some ring; but the managers of the native companies seem quite as little to have thought that it would be of any use to employ the composer of *Belmonte e Costanza*. Not one made him an offer until the year 1791. With the exception of Vienna, where he lived, only one provincial capital ordered two operas of him for its Italian theatre.

There can be no doubt that, if Mozart had been better understood by his public, he would have devoted himself exclusively to a class of works, the most brilliant and most lucrative of all, for which he detected in himself as great a calling as a passion. He would have made only operas and would have found no time to produce anything else. But by composing a libretto every two years he would have scarcely earned his daily bread. We know what compensation he received for his best dramatic works. *Don Juan* brought him in a hundred ducats, and the *Zauberflöte* nothing, if we may trust Herr von Nissen. Having no position and no income besides the imperial alms of 800 gulden, Mozart had to accommodate himself to circumstances, to serve the public individually, since it was denied him to serve it in the mass; he had to seek commissions of all sorts and furnish himself for all occasions in which people resort to a man of his trade. His relations to the public made him like

the artists of the Middle Ages, who worked at painting, sculpture, music, like guilds of masons or joiners. Like them he had his shop, in which composition, playing and instruction were to be had cheap. Nothing was wanting but the street sign: *All kinds of musical wares made and sold here of the best quality and for a fixed price.* It would have drawn crowds to him. Master! I want some German songs for my daughter; the words I have with me.—I should like an Italian aria, with *contrabasso obbligato*, for my wife.—And I should like some trumpet pieces and signals for my squadron.—But I should like a pretty little piece in F minor, I am very fond of that key, for a musical clock; but the price must be most reasonable.—Ho, master Wolfgang! half a dozen minuets, and as many contradances and landler waltzes; but you must make haste, for they are for the next ball to be given by prince X.—My case is still more urgent; I give a musical party to-morrow evening, it is my name day. Bring along your best, nothing shall be wanting on my part: you shall have five ducats and your supper!—Well, my dear, how about that flute trio, which I ordered of you last year and paid for it beforehand? (A lie, as we shall see).—And that Cantata, brother, which we want to sing at our Masonic festival; have you thought about it? It takes place day after to-morrow.—One last messenger appears on the threshold carefully wrapt up in his mantle. I am in no hurry, I can wait. I need a mass for the dead; for whom you will soon learn, without my telling you.—And to all those people Mozart replies, to one: My lord or my lady, I am at your service; to another: I will do my best to serve you; to this one: your order lies ready; to that one: please have patience yet a little while.

The reader will remember that, besides the orders which brought in money, Mozart made a multitude of things for his friends and comrades, for which he would take nothing; these should certainly have made it a matter of conscience to reward him with more than a mere "thank you." His scholars, as well as his customers, were divided into two classes, the paying and the not paying, according as music was a matter of love or of speculation with them. To the one class he went; the others came to him. For the scholars in composition he required examples; for those on the piano pieces of progressive difficulty. That made further occupation. With all these resources Mozart combined still another, his more worthy source of income; namely, public concerts, musical evenings in the companies of the higher nobility and subscription academies, as they used to be called. We know not how much these sources of income amounted to, but so much is clear, that Mozart undertook an enormous quantity of labor in them all. He was not one of the artists who spend six months in the year in studying a piece and the other six in playing it. In these concerts every thing had to be by him and new; an excellent means of convincing the public to satiety of an artist's talent.

[To be continued.]

(From the London Times, Feb. 19.)

Death of Mr. John Braham.

On Sunday (Feb. 16) a musician, who may be said to have formed a connecting link between the men of the present generation and their grandfathers, breathed his last. Seldom has there been

so remarkable a case of professional longevity as that of Mr. John Braham. There is scarcely a person living too old or too young to have heard him sing.

Born in London in 1774, of parents of the Hebrew persuasion, he is one of the many instances of that aptitude of the Jewish race for music which can scarcely have escaped the notice of any observer of the present age. At a very early age he was conformed, already an orphan, to the care of Leoni, an Italian singer of celebrity, and made his *début* as a public singer before he had attained his 11th year, when, from the quality and compass of his voice, he was enabled to sing several *bravura* songs that had been written for Madame Mara. When he lost his boyish voice his future prospects appeared doubtful, but he found a generous patron in Mr. Abraham Goldsmith, and became a professor of the piano. On his voice regaining its power he went to Bath, and there, in the year 1784, made his first appearance at some concerts that took place under the direction of M. Rauzzini, who, appreciating his talent, gave him musical instruction for three years.

In 1796 young Braham was engaged by the still-remembered composer, Signor Storace, for Drury-lane Theatre, and his *début* (which was in an opera called *Mahmoud*) was so successful that in the year following he was engaged for the Italian Opera-house. Hoping, however, to achieve a reputation more permanent than could be obtained by any other course, he resolved to visit Italy and there to complete his musical education. Florence was the first city at which he appeared in public; thence he went to Milan and afterwards to Genoa, at which latter place he studied composition under Isola.

Leaving Italy in consequence of numerous solicitations from his own country, where the intelligence of his Italian successes had awakened a lively curiosity, he made his *début* at Covent-garden in 1801. This is the point from which may be dated that triumphant career during which he created a constant *furor*, the effect of which has lasted in some degree even to the present day. A vocalist who was also an accomplished musician was a rare spectacle at the commencement of the present century, and for many years he was without a competitor. Long after his voice had lost its original power he was successively engaged at several theatres on the strength of a reputation which seemed undying, and his proficiency in singing Handel's music was universally acknowledged when his career as a dramatic vocalist had reached its termination. The facts may be deemed interesting that the opera in which he made his first appearance after his return from Italy was a work by Messrs. Mazzinghi and Reeve, entitled the *Chains of the Heart*, that for a series of years (terminating in 1816) he sang at the King's Theatre, in concert with Mesdames Billington, Fodor, and Grassini; and that when Weber composed his opera *Oberon* for the English stage he was the original Sir Huon.

While his success as a vocalist was without precedent, Mr. Braham was also renowned as a composer. Not only did he write several of the most popular songs, but he composed a tolerably long list of entire operas, as they were called in their time, though, according to present notions, they were merely dramas, interspersed with occasional songs. Of these the most celebrated were perhaps the *Cabinet* and the *Devil's Bridge*, relics of which will be found in every old-fashioned book.

The only vocation which Mr. Braham tried without success was that of the manager. The St. James's Theatre, which he built as an opera-house, and which was first opened in 1836, never satisfactorily answered the purpose for which it was originally intended.

In private life Mr. Braham was generally respected. He moved in good society, and among his acquaintance his fame as a man of extensive information and as a humorous retailer of anecdote was scarcely inferior to his reputation as a vocalist among the general public.

VIVIER AND HIS FRENCH HORN.—Lent brings the vast flock of musicians to Paris. Vivier

comes among them this year, and as much of a mountebank as ever. Every day brings some new story about him. The following is the best one I have heard recently. This fellow "has too much dignity" (God save the mark,) to put himself into a good humor and become diverting, when formally asked to do so; and whenever such a request is made, he becomes at once stiff and formal. At an evening party last week this appeal was made with the usual result, and as the hostess and the guests insisted upon it very indelicately, he feigned compliance, and asked for a violin. It was given him amid the loud cries of the company—now we are going to have fun! Vivier declared that with that king of instruments he could express everything, imitate all sounds, depict all scenes. Now I am going to exhibit a limping gentleman going to a railway station and pressed for time; he arrives too late; the train goes off as he enters the station. Imitative music could not have been more perfect, and everybody roared except the brother of the hostess, who was lame. Vivier next gave notice that he was going to represent a lady who stammers a great deal, and who is exceedingly stingy, disputing with a hack-driver because she will give him no *pourboire*. It was admirable, and everybody, except the mistress of the house, who stutters and passes for a too economical lady, laughed heartily. Then he gave a blond German making love to the French brunette, who talks gently and languidly, which everybody found very comical, except a lady and a gentleman present. For nearly an hour Vivier continued to ridicule some of the guests, without mercy and without delicacy, and broke all the laws of good-breeding and trampled on every sentiment of gentlemanly bosoms, because his hostess forgot one of the precepts of politeness, which he gives but too much cause to believe is numbered among none of those which he reckons as canons of social commerce.—*Corr. N. O. Picayune.*

(From the Kölnische-Zeitung.)

The Mozart Festival.

The Mozart Festival has swept by.—On the occasion of the hundredth return of Mozart's birth-day, a musico-philanthropical association has been called into life, and adorned with his name—may it thrive and prosper! We have been reminded at Frankfort how much good has been already effected by the Mozart-Stiftung there—may it be as lasting in its result as Mozart's works! In Vienna, an attempt has been made to discover the grove of our dear Wolfgang Amadeus—perhaps it has been successful—but, in reality, it does not much matter, after all. There is one thing that has not been thought of on this occasion, namely, that Mozart's manuscripts are not preserved in their greatest possible completeness for posterity. If nothing is done in the matter, people will talk, in a hundred years, of the unartistic sentiments of our generation, as we now talk, perhaps with some exaggeration, of the generation which neglected to mark Mozart's grave with a stone.

It is well-known that nearly all Mozart's compositions, in his original hand-writing, are in the possession of the Messrs. André, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. His earliest and his latest works—printed and unprinted—an incalculable treasure—are all there. Messrs. André, who have a real love for Art, are not alone proud of possessing these musical relics, but have, in the interest of Art, made the best use of them, partly by publishing many works hitherto unknown and partly by the politeness with which they allow them to be viewed, as well as for the free use of them which they granted Professor Jahn for his excellent work on Mozart. But it is manifest that the completeness and security of such a collection, with the changes to which the circumstances of private individuals are exposed, are not assured, as long as the collection is in the hands of such persons, however honorable. The question is, therefore, to place Mozart's manuscripts in some place where they may be safely preserved and easily accessible to posterity—only a public library unites both these advantages, and, therefore,

within the walls of such an institution must these relics be deposited.—But in which one?

Prussians will propose Berlin; Saxons, Dresden; and Bavarians, Munich—but for Mozart's manuscripts, after all, there is "only one imperial city, only one Vienna."* However much the Viennese may have sinned against the great man, the influence which their manners and customs, their love of music, and the place they inhabit, together with its neighborhood, exercised upon him cannot be denied, although it cannot be the object of these lines to prove it. Mozart belongs especially to Vienna, that is, to the Vienna of *his time*, just as Correggio belongs to the city of Parma—for there it was that he lived and loved, that he suffered and created—and although the outward covering of his mind can no longer be found there, at least the outward covering of the works of his mind, if I may so express myself, may be contemplated with respect and love.

But now comes the question at which good nature stops. Who is to pay the expense necessary for the acquisition of the treasures in question?

Who other than the descendant of Joseph II., that noble Emperor, who loved Mozart, and urged him to many of his most beautiful creations, even though he gave him but little money? Joseph did not think of money, any more than Mozart—they were two geniuses; but the best proof how highly the partiality of his Emperor was prized by the musician is afforded by the fact that the latter refused the most brilliant offers from other places in order to remain near him.

We cannot, however, expect that a young monarch, in whose hands a part of the history of Europe rests, should think of original manuscripts, even though they are those of Mozart. The importance of their acquisition must be brought home to him; their preservation must be represented to him as the wish of the most educated and most eminent persons in the nation—and he will then, without doubt, expend, both readily and willingly, the two or three guilders, or even thousands if necessary for the object in view.

Let musicians, and the lovers of music, bestir themselves in this business, from Hamburg to Salzburgh, from Berlin to Vienna, from Königsberg to Cologne. If in every city and in every little town, in which the strains of Mozart have produced their happy effect, addresses are drawn up, expressing their wish, and if these addresses bear the signatures of all those who love and exercise the art, such a chorus of thousands of voices will reach the of the mighty monarch, Herr Vesque von Püttling (Hoven) in Vienna, and assuredly not find them shut to the appeal. who is at the same time a high official and an excellent musician, will, no doubt, willingly allow the addresses to be forwarded to him, in order, when they are all collected, to send them on in the right course, and a successful result cannot and will not be wanting.

May musical and non-musical papers interest themselves in this business, whether they look upon my project as good or bad. One thing is certain: we must profit by the present moment, if the question, like so many others having nought to do with material interests, is not to be carried away by the stream of time. In London, the manuscripts of Handel, that German musician whom England in so many respects made her own, are shown with pride in the Royal Library. Beethoven's manuscripts are scattered about all over the world, and only the very smallest portion of those of Haydn are to be found—a lucky star has yet preserved those of Mozart. May they remain, for the most distant times, with the people whom the great man with pride named his own!

FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, 1st February, 1856.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Minor Music.

Minor music is most peculiarly the music of passion. It is not always plaintive; now and then it bursts out in the grandest strains. But

* "Es gibt nur eine Kaiserstadt, nur ein Wien," is a proverbial expression in Germany.

it always addresses the emotional part of our nature. Its softness is always tinged with melancholy; its grandeur is always dark and mysterious: but whether soft or strong, hurried or slow, we feel that the deepest, holiest recesses of our being are penetrated and passions awakened there of which we were before almost unconscious.

The effect of major music is commonly light and cheerful. It may indeed be full of tenderness, or sparkle with brilliant tones, or come up with a flourish of trumpets. Still, it is always reasonable, always human. There is nothing mysterious or incomprehensible in it.

Both modes are differently affected by change of power or movement. In major passages a slow movement gives the air of solemnity: in minor, the strain becomes a dirge. In the major mode, loudness leads from cheerful to sublime: in the minor mode, it changes the effect from plaintive or penitential to a glowing grandeur.

Perhaps these two modes of music may not improperly be regarded as representing two styles of literary composition. The major represents the prose of music, and the minor its poetry. The musical imagination is as distinct from the musical understanding, as these powers or faculties are from each other with respect to other subjects than music. If major strains affect the understanding, the minor mode touches the imagination, warming the heart of sympathy, or kindling the fires of intense emotion.

When the mind is in harmony with music in the minor key, whether plaintive or grand, it is not in its normal condition. It is either in a state of lassitude, like physical exhaustion, or else is subject to unusual tension. Laughing, or at least smiling, is the ordinary, natural act of man, even when he is hardly conscious of any cause. Not so with tears or stupefaction. Now, who that feels music at all, can laugh, or even smile when minor strains are played? And who cannot, when the harmony breaks off into the major key?

There is probably a physical cause for this difference in our impressions. This part of our nature remains to be studied by philosophers. Some considerations may however be stated, which may furnish a hint for the solution of the problem.

In lassitude, which may arise from bodily weakness, from sympathy, or from sorrow, the natural inflections of the voice in speaking will be slight,—only semitones or other minor intervals. Thus a sick man asks a question with an interval of a minor third, which, when well, he would qualify with a fifth, perhaps an octave. Hence arises what we call the whining, *Peter-grievous* tone. Dread, too, reduces the voice to nearly a monotone. Here is an imaginary weakness in apprehension of some mysterious phantasy, clothed with unknown powers. Let a person read the passage in the fourth chapter of the book of Job, where Eliphaz describes the apparition he saw, and he will find he cannot use major intervals: or if he reads Eve's lament for the loss of Paradise, the same necessity of using minor inflections will be perceived.

When the body is weary or feeble, the vocal chords are relaxed and the will declines to put forth more effort than is absolutely necessary for utterance. So it is when the mind is under the

control of awe. The system then becomes 'weak as water.' Eliphaz says, 'Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.' Sorrow and sympathy lead to a similar relaxation. This unwillingness, or perhaps inability to vary the tension of the vocal chords, which is never felt when the spirits are cheerful and the springs elastic, appears to be the natural cause of minor intervals.

The relation of sound and its combinations to the mind is a subject that has been quite neglected, but one that would afford much interest to a philosophic mind, gifted with a proper musical sense. Its investigation would certainly bring to light much that is now hidden from us, though relating to our commonest processes. In this direction we do not know ourselves. There is a mystery attending the major and minor scales that professed musicians hold in dispute. That mystery is a mystery of our being: it is the work of the Creator in planning our organization.

B.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

IL TROVATORE.

There was an old woman who somewhere did dwell,
Who was burnt for a witch as the opera doth tell,
A daughter she had too, a gipsy so bold,
Who went to a house where an infant she stole.

[Chorus in the Italian language, relative to the way she hooked it.]

Singing tooral, toledo and in dormero:
Allegro andantino e sempre amo.
O giorno dolore! mia madre you know,
With fata crudele funesto & Co.

Now after they'd burnt up the old gipsy mother,
The daughter came by with her own child and tother;
When she saw her marm burning, it woke up her ire,
And she slung the stole baby smack into the fire.

[Sizzling chorus descriptive of the burning.]
Singing tooral, toledo and io dormiro, &c.

Now when the poor baby was all of a bake,
She found out she'd burnt up her own by mistake:
And as she felt bad at the deed she had done,
She brought up the other and called him her son.

[Chorus in the barrow-tone style.]
Singing tooral, toledo, &c.

Now when the young man got to years of discretion,
He took up with music all for a profession.
Likewise a young woman for sweetheart he got,
And all her affections upon him she sot.

[Basso-relievo chorus in which I set forth the young woman's sentiment as expressed in a furrian language.]

Tooral, toledo, &c. &c.

There's a chap now, a Count who comes into the song,
Who likewise loved this lady uncommonly strong.
And meeting Manrico—her lover—one night,
They pulled out their weapons intending to fight.

[Spirited chorus expressing a fearful combat which come very nigh coming off.]
Tooral, toledo, &c.

The next scene discovers Manrico, a gipsy,
With fellows who drink a great deal and get tipsy,
And who hammer on anvils, like jolly good fellows,
While their wives mind the fire and their sons blow the bellows.

[Hardware chorus a la horse-shoe.]
Singing tooral, toledo, &c.

But alas! after all this fine singing and fighting
Which gave the occasion for all this fine writing;
The Count got Manrico locked up in the jug,
And held him as tight as a bug in a rug.

[Doleful chorus, sparging the lagrime.]
Tooral, toledo, &c.

Then the lady came weeping and wailing around,
Where Manrico was lying all on the cold ground.

With the old gipsy woman while ballads he sung,
Resolved to die game though he'd got to be hung.

[Game chorus with back up and straps buckled down.]

Tooral, toledo, &c.

The Count came along—says the lady says she,
"If you'll let my love go, why then you may take me!"
So the count he consented to open the door,
And wipe off the chalks 'gainst the bold trovatore.

[Trovatore—a cove vot sings. Frinstance, I'm a trovatore, as you hear by the following:]

Tooral, toledo, &c.

But the lady she thought "I'll ne'er be his wife.
And I'll swindle the Count if it costs me his life."
So ven he come in, there she lay on her side;
And they found sure enough 'twas by pison she'd died.
[Chorus expressive of pison.]

Tooral, toledo, &c. &c.

Then the folks made a fire 'cause the Count was so sore,
And in it they burnt up the gay trovatore;
Then the gipsy says she, "Count—I wasn't his mother,
And I'm sorry to say that you've burned up your brother."

[Chorus expressing a grand family fry.]

Tooral, toledo, &c. &c.

A NEW OPERA BY A SPIRIT!—The *Spiritual Telegraph* contains the following statement. Who the "competent judges of musical composition" were, it does not inform us.

A few weeks since a young lady, sixteen years of age, daughter of an intelligent gentleman who resides a few miles from Boston (and who was developed some time since as a musical medium), was informed by her musical instructor (purporting to be Beethoven), that he had prepared an original opera which he desired to perform through her on the piano-forte. The young lady immediately commenced practising the same under the influence of the spirit, and soon after, on an evening designated by him, certain individuals—competent to judge of a musical composition and performance—assembled to hear the first complete rehearsal of this complicated and (as it proved) most wonderful production. A programme was prepared by the invisible author of the opera, the entire composition being divided into eighteen parts, including the overture and grand finale. The young lady performed the entire composition in one hour and twenty minutes, without leaving the instrument. If we may respect the testimony of good judges, the original performance was extremely brilliant and effective throughout.

A few days since, the writer met several of the parties who witnessed this singular operatic performance, including the young lady herself. The spirit was also present, and the medium was inspired with some of the grandest strains that mortals ever listened to or may hope to hear on earth. On Saturday evening, the 3d ult., the writer was one of a select company assembled at the residence of a distinguished gentleman who resides near Franklin square, Boston. On that occasion the spirit improvised on a grand piano, for an hour or more, with such masterly skill and power, as left us no room to deny the presence or to question the claims of the immortal musician. Two pieces were played—the first purported to be from Beethoven, and the second from Mozart, each occupying half an hour in the performance, and the brilliant style and extraordinary execution of the compositions thrilled the sense and the soul with more than electric power.

It is worthy of remark that the young lady to whom we have referred, has never taken a single lesson on the piano, yet she performs when under spiritual influence with all the skill of a master! In her rapid fingering, tone, volume, and in all that is comprehended in the most accomplished art, or displayed in the varied difficult range of intricate harmonies, she seems to be endowed with preternatural powers. All who have chanced to witness the results of her musical inspiration, have regarded her performances as truly startling and wonderful.

The Manuscript of Don Giovanni.

A pleasant piece of musical reading has just been contributed to *L'Illustration*, by M. Viardot, containing some notices of the original score of *Don Giovanni*, which, as the *Athenæum* announced some months since, has fallen, by purchase, into the hands of Madame Viardot. The manuscript is entirely complete, those bars excepted which should contain the dialogue in the cemetery betwixt Don Juan and Leporello; introducing the duet, *O Statua gentilissima*. The missing leaf in some degree authenticates the manuscript; since not only, as M. Viardot reminds us, was the short scene in question an after-thought—sketched at a moment's warning to give additional effect to the duet—but it was completed under corrections which may account for its being loose, and therefore lost from the MS. "In directing the first rehearsal of his opera," says Mr. Holmes in his "Life of Mozart," "he was obliged to stop the orchestra at the scene in the cemetery, *Di rider finirai*, * * as one of the trombone players did not execute his part correctly. The scene was originally accompanied by three trombones only. As the passage, after repeated attempts had no better success, Mozart went to the desk of the player and explained to him how he would have it done. The man, who was a crusty fellow, answered with some rudeness, "It is impossible to play it; and if I can't play it I am sure you can't teach me." "Heaven forbid," returned the composer, smiling, "that I should attempt to teach you the trombone; here, give me your part, and I will soon alter it." He did so on the spot, and added two oboes, two clarionets, and two bassoons." This addition may have caused the detaching of the leaf. By the way, while glancing at this anecdote, with reference to the MS. in Madame Viardot's possession, we cannot help pointing out how Mr. Holmes contradicts it in the very paragraph which immediately precedes it, in which the biographer declares that Mozart "never" made sketches nor "retouched" compositions, though we now and then find him improving a thought in the act of writing." More than one interesting example of the retouching or improving process are to be found in this MS.

The phrase which opens the *agitato*, *Or sai chi l'onore*, was thus reconsidered, great vigor being gained by the alteration. The accompaniments to the statue commandant's awful entry at the libertine's supper were also changed for the better. What will the purists say on hearing that the employment of a chorus in the *tretta* to the first grand finale is an effect not provided for in Mozart's score, who limited the passion and power of the climax to the seven solo singers? Will they not admit that the freedom taken is justified by the result? There are stage directions, too, in Mozart's score worth noticing. In the triple ball room music the composer directed that the second and the third orchestra should begin their parts by imitating players tuning—thus forestalling the grotesque piece of musical farce with which M. Meyerbeer opens his *finale* to *L'Etoile*. In the supper scene, when Donna Elvira (the devotee side of whose character has never in our experience been indicated by its representative) kneels to Don Juan in the earnestness of her last hopeless appeal to his conscience, Mozart enjoins Don Juan to kneel to her—in mockery. In closing his pleasant notice, M. Viardot, after recalling the well known reply of Signor Rossini, who, being asked which of his own operas he preferred, said "*Don Giovanni*," proceeds to repeat a saying spoken the other day by the great Italian composer when this MS. score was shown to him. "My friend," said the composer of *Guillaume Tell*, laying his hand on Mozart's pages, "he is the greatest, he is the master of all; he is the only one who had as much genius as science—as much science as genius!"

A ROSSINI-ISM.—After hearing Lablache hold forth at St. Peter's, he went up to him, and said, "he was decidedly a musical canon of the church; the thunders of the Vatican were as penny-trumpets compared to the thunders of his voice!"—*Punch*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 15, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Subscriptions are now in order for a new year of the *Journal of Music*. With the number for Saturday, April 5, it will enter upon its fifth year, and ninth volume. With that number we shall commence the publication of a translation, made expressly for this journal, of a beautiful Art novel by Mme. GEORGE SAND, in which the characters are musical, and which has never yet appeared in English. It will make pleasant reading for the summer months.

Our readers generally, as well as our agents, are earnestly requested, as they wish this Journal not only to continue its existence, but to improve in character and variety of matter, to exert themselves a little now to send us in the names of new subscribers. Our subscription list is still far short of what it should be to verify all the good things that are said of us, and in Boston especially, is by no means worthy of so musical a city. If each subscriber will but send us one new name besides his own, it would give us the means and time for making a much better paper.

TERMS, as heretofore, by mail, \$3 per annum; by carrier, \$2.50, payable in advance. This condition of prepayment will hereafter, especially in the case of out-of-town subscribers, be more strictly enforced. The really serious losses which have been the reward of our indulgence hitherto, compel us to this measure.

A GRAVE COMPLAINT.

TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS AND ADVERTISERS.

We are sorry to address a numerous company. A large proportion of the just earnings of our Journal for the past two years or more is still withheld from us. Hundreds of dollars are due to us for unpaid advertisements and subscriptions. This, where our profits do not count by thousands, is a serious inconvenience. Not only is it actual loss of money, but a grievous loss of time spent in repeated fruitless efforts to collect—time which we owe to editorial, rather than to such clerky functions. We have a long list of doubtful names, to whom the paper has been sent for months and years, yet who answer no bills; these names we must cut off, unless they prove themselves good names at once.

BACK NUMBER WANTED.—We repeat the notice which we have given several times before, that any of our subscribers who may have copies of No. 4, Vol. V, (April 29, 1854,) which they do not care to preserve, will do us a great favor by sending them to this office. That No. is needed to complete sets for binding.

CONCERTS.

OTTO DRESEL gave the third of this his third season of classical piano Soirées on Monday evening. The Chickering saloon was nearly filled with the best kind of audience, who listened with deep attention (despite a few whispering Vandals somewhere in the back part of the room) and with evident delight to nearly every item of the following programme:

- PART I.
1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello.....Otto Dresel.
1. Allegro appassionato ed energico—2. Adagio affettuoso.
3. Scherzo, Animato assai—Finale, von fuoco.
2. Songs.....Robert Franz.
"Mother, O sing me to rest," (Op. 10.)
"Das macht das dunkelgrüne Laub," (Op. 20.)
"Verlasse mich nicht," (Op. 21)
3. Adagio from the Sonata for Piano, Op. 106.....Beethoven.
PART II.
4. Trio in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2.....Beethoven.
1. Poco sostenuto, Allegretto non troppo—2. Allegretto—
3. Allegretto non troppo—4. Finale.
5. Prelude and Fugue from the "Wohl temperirte Klavier".....J. S. Bach.
And Selections from.....Chopin.
6. Songs.....Robert Franz.
"So weit von hier," (Op. 22.)
Spring Song, (Op. 7.)
Slumber Song, (Op. 1.)

In the two Trios Mr. Dresel had, as before, the valuable aid of Mr. SCHULTZE's violin and

Mr. JUNGnickel's violoncello. It was a satisfaction to be able to verify again the impression twice produced on us in former seasons by Mr. Dresel's own Trio. We can say more strongly than we said two years ago: "It is a work that wears well; full of imagination, full of delicate touches, full of fire. Both in the ideas, which are original and interesting, and in the working up, which is skilful, complex and yet clear, preserving the most satisfying unity amid great wealth of contrast, it rewards attention and excites the desire for a more intimate acquaintance, scarcely less than the immortal works in this form, (not, it is true, very numerous) by the grander masters." This time, more than before, the whole work took possession of us. More than ever we felt its genuine musical inspiration, its power and depth of feeling, its elevation above all that is merely mechanical, sentimental or common-place, its artist-like maturity of style and abstemious thoughtfulness of treatment. It is neither coldly classical, externally and tamely true to approved models, nor spasmodic, extravagant and formless, like the ambitious efforts of many alleged young geniuses who stand forth as representatives of "progress." While it is new—newer than some things that are called "of the future"—it seems to have no quarrel with the old. We have listened during the past winter to a Trio by BRAHMS and a Quartet by RUBINSTEIN, those famous lions of 'Young Germany,' and we have yet to see an indication of any power in either of them at all comparable to that evinced in Mr. Dresel's Trio. Why will not our friend work out more of his inspirations in such forms? Why will he rely on quality alone, and not increase the quantity as others do, who do not always ask the Muse or wait for the soul's genial season before they rush before the world with new productions? This time the Trio did not seem to suffer in the rendering.

The FRANZ *Lieder* were sung, as before, by Mr. KREISSMANN, and with great acceptance. Certainly they are the freshest and selectest gifts of melody which could be introduced to add piquancy to a feast of instrumental music. The singer was particularly happy in the two last pieces: the "Spring Song," which expresses the wild impulses and yearnings of the Spring, with all their mingled gaiety and sadness, and the exquisitely dreamy "Slumber Song," to words from TIECK. In both, the accompaniment is marvelously beautiful and full of meaning, in playing which Mr. Dresel shows how intimately he has made the Franz songs his own.

The Adagio by BEETHOVEN, from the famous Sonata of his later days, in B flat, op. 106 (the Adagio itself is in F sharp minor), was evidently a puzzle to most listeners. It was heard, however, with the profound respect which any thing from Beethoven, however strange, however far from brilliant or effective in the ordinary sense, is sure to command in a community which could erect a statue to the great composer. To many it was a mystery; some shook their heads and thought he surely was deaf when he wrote that, and even experienced artists have queried whether he was quite clear in his own mind about it; it is so sombre, so dreamily groping in harmonious twilight as it were; so repeatedly after each wondrous lift of modulation sinking back into the same brooding and most melancholy mood; and above all, so long. No wonder that they wonder-

ed more than they were charmed.* We must own, however, to having never been so deeply moved by any one of Beethoven's remarkable piano-forte Adagios. Has not reverie its place among the best experiences of life, and is it nothing to stand a while with such a soul as Beethoven upon the dim shores of the infinite and feel the thrill of that great mystery in which our being is encompassed? Depend upon it, that strange music is the embodiment of a deep mood in which it is good to linger quite as long as Beethoven will let us.—But with the Trio in E flat all found themselves at home again with the loved master, and thanked the concert-giver for this repetition of it. All found it as entrancing as they did before, and it was exquisitely played. This was the sweet sunshiny side of Beethoven, by exposure to which the most harmonious instincts in our nature seem to ripen.

Mr. Dresel's smaller piano pieces were as usual felicitous both in the selection and the rendering. That light and airy little arabesque out of old BACH's quaint and cunning art, the Prelude and Fugue (in F minor), sounded as fresh and modern in its feeling, as it is learned in its structure; as truly an inspiration, a gift of real fancy, as if it had come from the modern "romantic" and not from the "classical" side of the house; and worth comparing with the "fairy vein" of MENDELSSOHN. It was executed with the utmost delicacy and clearness, the performer losing himself completely in the spirit of the piece, as he did also in three beautiful selections from CHOPIN: namely, an *Etude*, a *Prelude*, and a *Notturno*, the latter of which was not unfamiliar.

There remains but one more concert of this delightful series, and that is all that we have yet before us of all the Chamber Concerts that have helped to smooth the frown of this inclement winter.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The regular series having been completed, the Annual Benefit Concert of the Club took place on Tuesday evening. The very large attendance at Chickering's showed how warmly and how widely their efforts (for now seven years) to initiate us into the delightful mysteries of Quartet and Quintet are appreciated. The Concert was a very fine one and the programme very rich, as follows:

- PART I.
1. Quartette No. 2, in B flat, (first time), Momrt.
Allegro assai—Minuet—Adagio—Finale, Allegro.
2. Scene and Air from "L'Elisir d'Amor," Donizetti.
Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Concerto for Three Pianos, in D minor, Bach.
Allegro Moderato—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro.
Messrs. Trenkle, Parker and Perkins.
PART II.
4. Adagio from the 2d Quintette in B flat, (by request)
Mendelssohn.
5. Songs:—1. Ave Maria, R. Franz.
2. Hark, the Lark, F. Schubert.
Mrs. J. H. Long.
6. Quintette in C, No. 2, Op. 29, Beethoven.
Moderato—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.

* M. LESZ informs us that this Sonata was composed in 1816-17, "the most unhappy period of Beethoven's existence, during the law-suit about the guardianship of his nephew." He also states that the Adagio has been arranged for voice and piano, upon the text: *Da Grab ich tief und still* (The grave is deep and still). He says this Adagio "has something of the biblical wailings of Zion. It is an immense lamentation seated on the ruins of all earthly goods. It has a grand *maif* with variations still more grand. Style in variations could not be carried further. There is a curious fact related of this piece. Ries had been charged by Beethoven with the sale of the manuscript of the Sonata in London, when he received a letter in which Beethoven begged him to add (prefix) to the Adagio two notes, a and c sharp. Ries was much surprised that he should have to add two notes to a composition of his stamp, which had been entirely finished more than two months and which

The Quartet and the Quintets were remarkably well played. The former proved a delightful accession to our stock of MOZART memories. In the Allegro and Finale it is one of the most happy, sunshiny and spontaneous inspirations of his ever child-like nature. The Minuetto is after the regular pattern of the stately old dance, quaintly beautiful. The Adagio is perfectly lovely, full of the purest, tenderest feeling. The whole work is in a right popular and appreciable vein, yet a fine specimen of the inimitable art of Mozart.

The Concerto by BACH awoke memories of Otto Dresel's earlier concerts, when the three pianos were played by SCHARFENBERG, JAEHL and DRESEL. This time our unfortunately one-sided position with regard to the pianos, being so near to one that we could not hear the others equally well, interfered with our receiving so clear an impression as we could have wished. We doubt not that the effect would have been better, had the instruments been placed upon a platform, instead of being ranged across the floor, beneath the quartet of strings accompanying. As it was, however, it was pleasant to renew acquaintance with so fine a work. We cannot see how any one can find it dull; there is such a wholesome breadth and fullness of life in it; you are buoyed up as upon the broad, generous, sparkling surface of the sea. Messrs. TRENKLE, PARKER and PERKINS co-operated to good purpose, and this was certainly a graceful and artistic service for them to render to their friends.

We would thank whomever it was that requested the repetition of the Adagio from that Quintet of MENDELSSOHN played at the previous concert. It is one of his grandest and most deeply pathetic works, and was played admirably. So was the wonderful Quintet of Beethoven, which is the last of the only two he wrote, and perhaps the noblest composition of the kind.

Mrs. LONG displayed highly finished and effective execution in the piece by DONIZETTI. The FRANZ *Ave Maria* and the *Serenade* by SCHUBERT were sung quite acceptably, in beautiful voice, and in better style than we could expect from one whose chief experience has been in very different kinds of song. A little more fervor, a more perfect entering into the spirit of the music was the chief thing wanting.

The members of the Quintette Club have done an excellent work this winter—for their public, if not for themselves. We trust that they will feel encouraged to minister, as they have done, to our growing appetite for sweet sounds for many winters yet to come.

THE GERMAN TRIO (Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNGnickel) gave the sixth and last of their second season of Concerts in the Chickering saloon, last Saturday evening. The programme as usual was of a mixed character.

- PART I.
1. Grand Sonata, Hummel.
For Piano and Violoncello, (by request.)
2. Variations in A, for Violin, Prode.
PART II.
3. Cavatina, Ma la sola, from "Beatrice de Senda," Bellini.
4. Duo Concertanti, for Piano and Violoncello, on theme from Norma, Gregoir and Servais.
5. German Song, "The Bright Eyes," Stigell.
6. Fantasia Brillante, for Violin, on themes "Der Freyschütz," Moser.

seemed to exclude the slightest alteration. Nevertheless the effect was marvellous, the two notes now forming the first measure of the Adagio. Two steps conducting to the gate of the sepulchre!"

The vocal numbers were sung by Mrs. J. M. MOZART. We were only able to hear the last two pieces. Mr. GARTNER played the *Frey-schütz* fantasy very brilliantly; the themes themselves are refreshing compared with those more frequently selected for such show pieces. It was truly a treat to hear again that Trio of Beethoven, with its mystical Adagio, which plays upon the supernatural chords within us, and which has given to the work in Germany the name of the *Geister-Trio*, (The Ghost Trio.) It was in many respects very well played, only with too level and uniform a degree of force, too little light and shade.

MORE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—We are happy to state that the fine orchestra, which has given us so much good music during the winter, is not to be allowed to fall to pieces now that the evening series is completed. Measures are to be taken forthwith to secure the ground that has been gained, and to organize, upon the basis of that orchestra, a permanent association for the provision of the higher class of instrumental concerts in our city for, we trust, many seasons yet to come.

Meanwhile the orchestra will be kept in play and the musical spirit not allowed to go to sleep, by a series of six Wednesday AFTERNOON CONCERTS, to be given in the Music Hall. Beethoven's statue is not to stand there *presiding over nothing* all the time until next winter. There have been many anxious inquiries for afternoon concerts. The music-lovers of many neighboring towns were wholly cut off from the Orchestral Concerts by the want of rail-road accommodations. Ladies can go unattended in the afternoon, and the lengthening Spring days will tempt many out.

The selections of course will be less exclusively classical than those of the evening concerts. The object is to suit all tastes. But we are assured that every concert will include a Symphony and one good Overture, besides lighter varieties, as set forth in the announcement in another column. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will probably be given at the first.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Mrs. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS gives a Concert this evening—the first time for three years—in the Tremont Temple. She has many claims upon the music-lovers of Boston, and with such attractions as she and her husband, our excellent oboist, with distinguished aid, can offer, there should be a full house. The orchestra, under CARL ZERRAHN, will play the popular overtures to *Semiramide* and *Fra Diavolo*, and wind up with the "Wedding March." Mr. SATTER, the brilliant pianist, will play a fantasia of his own, and a duo by Herz and Lafonte with the veteran violinist, Mr. KEYSER. Mr. DE RIBAS will play Ernst's *Elegie* upon his obœ, and a solo on the English horn, that bigger brother of the family.—Mrs. DE RIBAS is to sing two Italian pieces solo, and in two duets with Mr. ARTHURSON, who will also sing one serious solo, and one of the funny extravaganzas of John Parry "by particular request."

The concert of the children of the Warren Street Chapel drew a large audience to the Music Hall last week on Monday, and was truly a pleasant affair. The decorations of Saturday remained; there were some three hundred happy faces on the stage; some of the youngest sat on steps built up around the

base of the great statue, and Beethoven looked down with quite a benign Sunday school-teacher aspect. The choruses were sung very sweetly, and for the most part in tune, in soprano and alto; we never heard a mass of children sing so well; they did great credit to the institution and to their teacher Mr. CLAUDE H. CLARKE. . . . ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS has succeeded DIDKE in the Italian Opera troupe and has already appeared in Philadelphia as Arsace. The *Evening Bulletin* says of her: "Although of a most unheroic figure and face, she made herself completely at home in the part of the 'commander of the forces.' Greater self-possession, grace of movement, intelligence in acting, and readiness for the business of the stage, we have never seen in any opera singer. Her voice is a contralto of good quality and moderate power. Her method is excellent and she sang all the difficult music of her part with great correctness, if we except occasional slight faults of intonation which were most perceptible in the cadenzas of the duo: *Giorno d'orrore*. Her first long and arduous scene in the opera was remarkably well done, and indeed, from beginning to end, she was prompt, energetic and fully absorbed in her part and the business assigned to her. She fully shared with Madame Lagrange the honors of the evening."

This week, on Wednesday evening, the Opera reopened in New York: illness prevented Miss Phillipps taking the part of the gypsy Azucena in *Il Trovatore*. Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* is understood to be in preparation. . . . BRAHAM, the great English tenor, who reigned so many years without a rival, and who first gave to us Americans an idea of what a great tenor was, although we got it only from the superb ruins of his voice, the ripe perfection of his art remaining, has at last left this mortal stage. We give a notice of his life in another column from the *London Times*. It says nothing of his visit to this country, which was made in 1841, when he was sixty-five years old. What crowds here in Boston thronged to the old Melodeon to hear him, and with what wonderful power he thrilled us by his grand renderings of the recitatives in Handel's "Israel in Egypt," or Luther's "Judgment Hymn"! With what exquisite tenderness he sang "Thy rebuke"! and how gracefully those English songs and ballads!

. . . . To pass from music to a sister art,—which we may well do by taking the hand of one who has ministered to us so well in both,—we have rejoiced to hear such excellent accounts from Florence of our townsman THOMAS BALL, the sculptor, whose rich bass did long and excellent service in our oratorios, the while that he was earning no mean reputation as a painter, but who, finding that his truest genius "lay in the form and design, rather than in color" surprised us one day by a statuette bust of Jenny Lind,—the best representation ever made of her; then by an admirable bust and statuette of Webster; then by that life-like head of Jonas Chickering, which stands in marble in the beautiful saloon. The Florence correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser* writes (Jan. 24):

Mr. T. Ball, of Boston, has been working here over a year with earnestness and evident advantage. Having been a portrait painter, he had studied form before he turned his attention to sculpture, and his first modeled works are consequently more perfect in their proportions than first efforts usually are, and what is better, have the expression which indicates true feeling in the artist. He has recently made a sitting-statuetto of Washington Allston, which is quite a gem of its kind, besides being a faithful likeness of that lamented artist. The size and character of this work, adapting it to the library or study, render it an available, as well as valuable contribution to Art, and the admirers of Mr. Allston will especially appreciate it as such. Mr. Ball has already in marble a reclining bust called "Truth," which beautifully illustrates the pure idea. He has also in plaster a statue of Pandora, and is now modeling "A ship-wrecked boy." He intends returning to Boston

next summer with these rich fruits of his Italian sojourn.

A correspondent of the *London Musical World* communicates the following about the state of music in Italy:

Our Italian contemporaries seem to be coming round to our way of thinking. We find in the *Gazette Musicale* of Naples, a few reflections on the present state of musical execution in Italy, which tend to the conclusion that musical taste is either entirely lost in Italy, or fast approaching its dissolution. The article to which we allude is signed F. Tagliani, and is suggested by the reprise of Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*. It begins by citing the current opinion of the present race of Italian dilettanti, that "Musical science has progressed rapidly in our times, and that dramatic expression has attained, if not perfection, at least something very near it." Now on hearing *Roberto*, which had been laid aside since 1837, when the principal parts were written for Mme. Ronzi de Begnis, Sig. Basadonna, and M. Barroillet, we were led to reflect, that if art had really progressed so rapidly, it is to be feared that the more it progresses, the more it will recede from the sublime simplicity of the great composers of the past. *Roberto Devereux* may be set down as a failure simply because the singers could not execute the music, or rather because their voices, accustomed to compete with the brass lungs of the orchestra, are overstrained for the softer and more delicate expositions of sentiments. With the exception of that of the heroine by Mme. Medori, the other parts were very indifferently filled by artists who are struggling for notoriety before they are qualified by study, and fancy that a good voice is enough without cultivation.

Sig. Pacini is now in Naples superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, *Margherita Pastoria*, which will be produced at the San Carlos as soon as Sig. Colletti returns from Rome. Mercadante is also busy rehearsing his new *Miserere*, which will be executed in the church of San Pietro, in place of Zingarelli. Report speaks highly of it, and great expectations are entertained. At Florence, Signor Carlo Romani's opera, *Le Gemme della Corona*, was produced at the Pergola, on the 11th instant, with very questionable success. It underwent two further additions, but, as it did not gain in public favor, it has been withdrawn. At the Teatro Pagliano, *Maria di Rohan* has been successful. A new opera by Sig. Cianchi, entitled *Il Salmirano*, is in course of preparation. At Milan *Il Profeta* continues to draw good houses, as also *L'uccello di Borgia*, which is well sustained by Mme. Barbieri-Nini, Mme. Lucioni, Sig. Graziani, and Giov. Corsi.

M. BERLIOZ is contributing a series of articles to the *Gazette Musicale*, on the duties and requirements of a *Chef-d'Orchestre*, or orchestral conductor. They are to form a supplementary chapter to the new edition of his treatise upon Instrumentation. On the 25th ult., Berlioz gave a concert in the Salle Herz. The first part included an air from Gretry's *Anacreon*, and a fantasia on *Il Trovatore* for the piano-melodius; the second part, his *L'Enfance du Christ*, in three parts, and choruses and dances from Gluck's *Armide*.—M. JULES FONTANA lately gave a concert entirely devoted to compositions, vocal and instrumental, of CHOPIN. Six Polish melodies, as yet unpublished, were sung.

Beethoven's posthumous quartets are still zealously studied and produced in Paris by the four devoted artists, MM. Maurin, Mas, Sabatier, and Chevillard. They recently won great applause by their performance of the C sharp minor Quartet, op. 131.—Bottesini's "Siege of Florence" is in rehearsal.

A new Symphony by THEODORE GOUVY is announced in the *Gazette Musicale* as forthcoming at the last concert of the *Société des Jeunes Artistes* in Paris.

Advertisements.

NEW COURSE OF HARMONY, BY L. H. SOUTHARD.

The Publishers call the attention of the musical profession to this work, as one eminently calculated to lighten the labors of the teacher, and rapidly advance the pupil. It is emphatically a PRACTICAL work, serving both as a Manual of instruction on the one hand, and a Text-book on the other; and it is believed that the peculiar arrangement of the work, together with the very large number of exercises and examples, presents great advantages, to both scholar and teacher, over any similar work of the kind. Teachers highly commend the work. Mr. WILLIAM MASON says it is a work unsurpassed in the language. Mr. GEORGE J. WEBS says that it is a work perspicuous in diction, methodical in arrangement, and sufficiently copious to embrace all the essentials of the general doctrine of accord. It can be ordered through any respectable Music-seller, and will be sent through the mail on the receipt of the price, (\$1.75), postage prepaid.

GEO. P. REED & CO., Publishers,
13 Tremont St. Boston.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

It is proposed to give a series of Six Wednesday Afternoon Concerts at the Music Hall, under the direction of Carl Zerkahn. The same Orchestra will be employed which has given so much satisfaction at the series of Orchestral Concerts just terminated. The relations to be of a character suited to all the various tastes of the community, consisting of Symphonies, Overtures, Arrangements from popular Operas, Waltzes, Quadrilles and Polkas. These concerts will be given under the management of capable and responsible persons, who pledge themselves to carry out the plan of giving a series of agreeable, popular and cheap entertainments, worthy of the liberal support of the community.

Packages of six tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$1. Single tickets 25 cts.
(The Concerts will commence on Wednesday Afternoon, March 26th, provided that a sufficient number of sets shall have been subscribed for.)

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

AT THE
TREMONT TEMPLE.

Mrs. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS

Respectfully announces to her friends and the public in general, that her Concert will take place

On Saturday Evening, March 15th,

On which occasion she will be assisted by Mr. G. SATTER, Pianist, Mr. ARTHURSON, Vocalist, Mr. WM. KEYSER, Violin, Mr. RIBAS, Oboe, and a Grand Orchestra under the direction of Mr. CARL ZERKAHN.

Tickets 50 cents, and concert to commence at quarter before 8. For further particulars see bills of the evening.

MR. R. W. EMERSON, having read Six Lectures, which have not been heard in Boston, will, by request, repeat them on Thursday Evening, 27th inst., and succeeding Thursday Evenings, in the FAIRMAN PLACE CHAPEL. Tickets admitting one person to the course, \$1.50.—Single tickets, 50 cents.—For sale at the Bookstore of Ticknor & Fields, and at the door.

CHOICE MUSICAL WORKS.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS, complete in two large quarto volumes, printed from engraved plates, and pronounced to be most elegant specimen of music typography ever executed. Bound in cloth, embossed and lettered.—Price of a single vol \$7.50; of both volumes, \$12.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS complete in one vol. quarto, bound in cloth, embossed and lettered. Price \$3.

MENDELSSOHN'S FOUR-PART SONGS. Text in German and English. The latter by J. C. D. PARKER.—In cloth, \$1.50; boards \$1.25.

DITSON'S STANDARD OPERAS, 6 vols. Norma, Lucia, Sonnambula, Luciezia, Ernani. English and Italian text, each, \$2. Don Giovanni. Piano Solo, \$1.50.

ORATORIOS. Creation, \$1.25. Messiah, \$1.25. Moses in Egypt, \$1.50.

MASSSES. Mozart's Requiem, \$1; Mozart's 12th Mass, \$1; Beethoven's Mass in C, 75 cents; Haydn's 3d Mass, 75 cts.; Rossini's Stabat Mater, Latin and English words, \$1.

Published by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

C. BREUSING,
IMPORTER OF FOREIGN MUSIC,

701 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Dépôt of Erard's Grand Pianos.

CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY.

Constantly on hand a complete assortment of American Publications.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

A Paper of Art and Literature,

Published every Saturday, at 21 School St. Boston.

Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Its contents relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music. 3. Musical News from all parts. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, &c. 8. Original and Selected Poems, &c.

Back numbers, from the commencement, can be furnished. Address

J. S. DWIGHT, 21 School St. Boston.

EDWARD L. BALCH,

Anthems for the coming Season.

Novello's Cheap MUSIC,
(Imported from England)
389, Broadway, N.Y.

EASTER-TIDE.

BOYCE.—IF WE BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED. Verse, A. B. Vocal score, 35 cts; Vocal parts, 19 cts.

HELMORE and NEALE.—CAROLS FOR EASTER-TIDE. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS HELMORE and the Rev. J. M. NEALE. 18mo. 13c. Post free, music folio, \$1.13.

HANDEL.—I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

Soprano solo, 19c.

Since by man came death. 13c. Vocal parts, 50c.

Behold, I tell you a mystery. Recit. B. } 19c.

The trumpet shall sound. Air, B. }

Then shall be brought to pass. Recit. }

O Death, where is thy sting. Duet, A. T. } 25c.

But thanks be to God. Chorus. }

Thou shalt see the eyes.—He shall feed his flock. Air, 13c.

His yoke is easy. Chorus, 19c.

Behold the Lamb of God: Chorus. He was despised: Air. A. Vocal score, 25c. Vocal parts, 16c.

HARMAN.—JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.—

(Hymn.) 35c.

Lift up your heads. Anthem, 65c.

JACKSON, (Masham).—CHRIST OUR PASSOVER. 13c.

Vocal parts, 13c.

KENT.—HEAR MY PRAYER. Verse, two trebles, and

Chorus. Folio, 19c. Octavo, 6c. Chorus parts, 3c.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Verse for treble or tenor

and bass, with chorus, 50c. Vocal parts, 25c.

MONK, W. H.—THE EASTER HYMN, "Jesus Christ

is risen to-day." Chordless Prize Composition. 13c.

NORRIS, THOS.—HEAR MY PRAYER. Treble solo,

with chorus, 44c.

NOVELLO.—THE EASTER HYMN, newly adapted and

variously harmonized, as Solo, Trio, Quartet, and Chorus.

25c. Class copy, 3c.

The Lord is my strength, 19c. Vocal parts, 13c. Class

copy, in score, 3c.

PALESTRINA.—BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD. S. A.

T. B. 31c.

SEWELL.—EASTER HYMN. 25c.

STROUD.—HEAR MY PRAYER. Four voices. Vocal

score, 44c. Vocal parts, 25c.

WEBER.—CHRIST BEING RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

Vocal score, 19c.

Dedicated (by permission) to the Lord Bishop of Oxford.

CAROLS FOR EASTER-TIDE.

* In consequence of the great success attending the CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE, there are now ready, by the same Authors, and to be published in the same form,

CAROLS

FOR EASTER-TIDE,

Set to Ancient Melodies by the REV. THOMAS HELMORE, M. A. Words, principally in imitation of the original, by the REV. J. M. NEALE, M. A.

WITH MELODIES.

18mo. size, sewed.....13

Ditto, in packets of 50.....5.00

Ditto, Compressed four Vocal Parts.....25

WITH VOICE-PARTS AND PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

Folio music size.....1.13

THE WORDS ONLY.

32mo. sewed......03

Ditto, in packets of 50.....1.25

These Carols may be sung by a Solo voice, with Accompaniment for the Piano and Organ, in which form they are printed in Music Folio. Ad libitum Vocal Parts for Alto, Tenor, and Bass, have been added, in order that, when these voices are present, the harmony may be rendered complete without an instrument.

J. M. MOZART,
BASSO.

RESIDENCE, 18 MARION STREET, BOSTON.

Address Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington St.

OTTO DRESEL

Gives Instruction on the PIANO, and may be addressed at Richardson's Musical Exchange. Terms, \$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PATENT ACTION

GRAND AND SQUARE

PIANO-FORTES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WAREHOUSES,

MASONIC TEMPLE,

TREMONT STREET,

APR 29 BOSTON. if

MUSIC AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

JOB PRINTING neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

ED. B. ROBINSON,
PIANO-FORTE TUNER.
Orders received at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street.

HEWES'
PATENT AMERICAN ACTION
PIANO-FORTE,
Manufactory, 379 Washington Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER,

Will be happy to give instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, and the Theory of Music. Address:—No. 3 Hayward Place. May 26. tf

P. F. DODGE,
MANUFACTURER OF PIANO-FORTE HARDWARE,
10 Beach St. Boston, and W. Cambridge, Ma.
PIANOS FOR SALE OR TO LET.

SIG. AUGUSTO BENDELARI,

RESIDENCE, No. 86 PINCKNEY ST.

J. TRENKLE,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.
Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOITE
—GIVEN
INSTRUCTION on the PIANO-FORTE,
And may be addressed at her residence, 55 Hancock St.

CARL HAUSE

OFFERS his services as Instructor in Thorough Bass and in the higher branches of Piano playing. The attention of Amateurs, Professional Teachers, and others who may wish to accomplish themselves for public concert playing, or teaching, is respectfully requested.
Mr. Hause may be addressed at the music stores of Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington St., or G. P. Reed & Co., 17 Tremont Row.

SCHARFENBERG & LUIS,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN MUSIC,

HAVE REMOVED TO

No. 769 BROADWAY, corner of Ninth St.
NEW YORK.

CARD.

MR. PIERRE BERTHOUD, Professor of Music, graduate of the Conservatoire de Paris, pupil of Neumann, Mendelssohn and other distinguished Musicians at Paris, begs to announce that he is now ready to take pupils in Boston, on the Piano, Musical Composition, Harmony, &c.
He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk, Boston, Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Guyot, Cambridge; J. S. Dwight, Boston.
Mr. B. may be addressed at Nathan Richardson's, Oliver Ditson's, and Reed & Co.'s Music Stores, Boston, or at Alonzo Tripp's, Principal of the Young Ladies' Institute, now opening at 35 Centre street, Roxbury.

MR. AUGUST FRIES,

Teacher of Music, will be ready to receive pupils after October 15th, and may be addressed at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington street, or at his residence, 15 Dix Place.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
U. S. HOTEL.

Communications can be left at Mr. Ditson's music store.

G. ANDRÉ & CO.'S

Dépôt of Foreign and Domestic Music,
19 S. NINTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT,
(East side), PHILADELPHIA.

A catalogue of our stock of Foreign Music, and of our own Publications, has just been published. Music and Music Books imported to order, as heretofore, from Germany, Italy, France and England.

C. H. CLARKE,
TEACHER OF MUSIC, 265 Washington St.
RESIDENCE...13 SHAWMUT STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, per line.....10 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, per line.....5 cts.
For one column, (126 lines) first insertion.....\$12.00
do do each subsequent.....\$6.00
Special notices (headed), each insertion, per line 20 cts.
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

No. 21 SCHOOL STREET.

